

THE COMFORT
BOOK

Selections from

THE BIBLE AND OTHER LITERATURE

(by)

JAMES H. DOWNEY

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THE COMFORT BOOK

SELECTIONS FROM THE BIBLE
AND OTHER LITERATURE
REGARDING THE LIFE
IMMORTAL

COMPILED BY
JAMES H. DOWNEY



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DEDICATED

to

MY SON

WILBUR J. DOWNEY

the only surviving member of my family, and
in memory of a **WIFE** and **MOTHER**, who,
unselfish, kind, and patient through suffering,
in her earthly life, is now in full fruition of

THE LIFE IMMORTAL

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE.....	7
IMMORTALITY IN THE SCRIPTURES.....	9
The Old Testament.....	9
The Gospels.....	11
Acts and Epistles.....	14
Revelation.....	20
IMMORTALITY IN THE ANCIENT WRITINGS....	23
IMMORTALITY IN MODERN LITERATURE.....	25
The Poets.....	25
Religious Writers.....	42
Novelists and Essayists.....	53
Theologians and Preachers.....	66
Periodical Press.....	83
Miscellaneous.....	87
L'ENVOI.....	91

PREFACE

IMMORTALITY has been to me a subject of great and thoughtful interest, as one after one my friends, and nearly all my family—including my companion of over forty years—have taken their departure to that “bourne from whence no traveler returns.”

I have read much on the subject, and have wished that some one might have collected the best of all that has been uttered thereon into book form for the comfort and encouragement of the many who must be interested in this matter.

Failing to find such a volume, I have, in my own behalf and that of others who may be helped thereby, compiled these extracts, making my selections from the authoritative statements of Scripture, and the utterances of prose and poetical writers that appeal to the soul and answer to its divinely implanted longings for immortality.

I may say that the result of this very pleasant labor on my part is to confirm and

establish my own hope and belief in the Life Immortal and fill my soul with joyous anticipations of reunion beyond the grave.

If this little book may be the means of bringing to other souls light and cheer regarding the future, and if it shall carry some degree of comfort and consolation to other bereaved hearts, the purpose of the compiler will have been accomplished, with his gratitude to God for the privilege thus afforded him.

JAMES H. DOWNEY.

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Brooklyn, New York.

Immortality in the Scriptures

THE OLD TESTAMENT

I know that my Redeemer liveth,
And at last he will stand up upon the earth :
And after my skin, even this body, is
destroyed,
Then without my flesh shall I see God ;
Whom I, even I, shall see, on my side,
And mine eyes shall behold, and not as a
stranger.

—*Job 19. 25-27.*

But now he is dead, . . . can I bring him
back again? I shall go to him, but he will
not return to me.—*2 Sam. 12. 23.*

Thou wilt not leave my soul to Sheol ;
Neither wilt thou suffer thy holy one to see
corruption.
Thou wilt show me the path of life :
In thy presence is fullness of joy ;
In thy right hand there are pleasures for
evermore.

—*Psa. 16. 10, 11.*

I shall behold thy face in righteousness;
I shall be satisfied when I awake, with
beholding thy form.

—*Psa.* 17. 15.

God will redeem my soul from the power
of Sheol;
For he will receive me.

—*Psa.* 49. 15.

Unto Jehovah the Lord belongeth escape
from death.

—*Psa.* 68. 20.

Thou wilt guide me with thy counsel,
And afterward receive me to glory.

—*Psa.* 73. 24.

The spirit returneth unto God who gave
it.—*Eccles.* 12. 7.

Thine eyes shall see the king in his
beauty.—*Isa.* 33. 17.

If the wicked turn from all his sins . . .
he shall surely live, he shall not die.—*Ezek.*
18. 21.

They that turn many to righteousness

[shall shine] as the stars for ever and ever.
—*Dan. 12. 3.*

THE GOSPELS

For in the resurrection they . . . are as angels in heaven.—*Matt. 22. 30.*

God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.—*Matt. 22. 32.*

The righteous [shall go] into life eternal.
—*Matt. 25. 46.*

Shall . . . receive . . . in the world to come eternal life.—*Luke 18. 30.*

For neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels; and are sons of God, being sons of the resurrection.—*Luke 20. 36.*

Thus it is written, that the Christ should suffer, and rise again from the dead the third day.—*Luke 24. 46.*

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.—*John 3. 16.*

He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life.—*John 3. 36.*

The water that I shall give him shall become in him a well of water springing up unto eternal life.—*John 4. 14.*

He that heareth my word, and believeth him that sent me, hath eternal life.—*John 5. 24.*

They that have done good [shall come forth] unto the resurrection of life.—*John 5. 29.*

For this is the will of my Father, that everyone that beholdeth the Son, and believeth on him, should have eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day.—*John 6. 40.*

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth hath eternal life.—*John 6. 47.*

I am the living bread: . . . if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever.—*John 6. 51.*

Verily, verily, I say unto you, If a man keep my word, he shall never see death.—*John 8. 51.*

My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish.—*John 10. 27, 28.*

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die.—*John 11. 25, 26.*

What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt understand hereafter.—*John 13. 7.*

Let not your heart be troubled: believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you . . . that where I am, there ye may be also.—*John 14. 1-3.*

Father, I desire that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me.—*John 17. 24.*

These are written, that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God;

and that believing ye may have [eternal] life in his name.—*John 20. 31.*

ACTS AND EPISTLES

And now I commend you to God, . . . who is able to build you up, and to give you the inheritance among all them who are sanctified.—*Acts 20. 32.*

Who will render . . . to them that by patience in well-doing seek for glory and honor and incorruption, eternal life.—*Rom. 2. 6, 7.*

The free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord.—*Rom. 6. 23.*

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to us-ward.—*Rom. 8. 18.*

For now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know fully even as also I was fully known.—*I Cor. 13. 12.*

Now if Christ is preached that he hath been raised from the dead, how say some

among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? But if there is no resurrection of the dead, neither hath Christ been raised: and if Christ hath not been raised, then is our preaching vain, your faith also is vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we witnessed of God that he raised up Christ: whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead are not raised. For if the dead are not raised, neither hath Christ been raised: and if Christ hath not been raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also that are fallen asleep in Christ have perished. If we have only hoped in Christ in this life, we are of all men most pitiable.

But now hath Christ been raised from the dead, the first fruits of them that are asleep. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, so also in Christ shall all be made alive.

So also it is written, The first man Adam became a living soul. The last Adam became a life-giving spirit. Howbeit that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; then that which is spiritual. The

first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is of heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. But when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? The sting of death is sin; and the power of sin is the law: but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.—*1 Cor. 15.*

Knowing that he that raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up us also with Jesus, and shall present us with you.—*2 Cor. 4. 14.*

For our light affliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.—*2 Cor. 4. 17, 18.*

For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens.

.
For indeed we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but that we would be clothed upon, that what is mortal may be swallowed up of life.—*2 Cor. 5. 1-4.*

For to me to live is Christ, but to die is gain.—*Phil. 1. 21.*

That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, . . . if by any means I may attain unto the resurrection from the dead.—*Phil. 3. 10, 11.*

Who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of his glory, according to the working whereby he is able even to subject all things unto himself.—*Phil. 3. 21.*

When Christ who is our life, shall be manifested, then shall ye also with him be manifested in glory.—*Col. 3. 4.*

But we would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that fall asleep; that ye sorrow not, even as the rest, who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with him . . . Wherefore comfort one another with these words.—*1 Thess. 4. 13.*

Fight the good fight of the faith, lay hold on the life eternal.—*1 Tim. 6. 12.*

Manifested by the appearing of our Saviour Christ Jesus, who abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.—*2 Tim. 1. 10.*

Henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord,

the righteous judge, shall give to me at that day; and not to me only, but also to all them that have loved his appearing.—*2 Tim. 4. 8.*

Looking for the blessed hope and appearing of the glory of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.—*Titus 2. 13.*

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to do service for the sake of them that shall inherit salvation?—*Heb. 1. 14.*

There remaineth therefore a sabbath rest for the people of God.—*Heb. 4. 9.*

But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed of them, to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city.—*Heb. 11. 16.*

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to his great mercy begat us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, unto an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven.—*1 Pet. 1. 3, 4.*

And this is the promise which he promised us, even the life eternal.—*I John 2. 25.*

Beloved, now are we children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be. We know that, if he shall be manifested, we shall be like him; for we shall see him even as he is.—*I John 3. 2.*

These things have I written unto you, that ye may know that ye have eternal life.—*I John 5. 13.*

And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we know him that is true, and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life.—*I John 5. 20.*

Keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.—*Jude, verse 21.*

REVELATION

He that overcometh, I will give to him to sit down with me in my throne, as I also

overcame, and sat down with my Father in his throne.—*Rev. 3. 21.*

After these things I saw, and behold, a great multitude, which no man could number, out of every nation and of all tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, arrayed in white robes, and palms in their hands; and they cry with a great voice, saying, Salvation unto our God who sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb. . . . And they fell before the throne on their faces, and worshiped God, saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God, for ever and ever. Amen.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, These that are arrayed in the white robes, who are they, and whence came they? And I say unto him, My lord, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they that come out of the great tribulation, and they washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God; and they serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne

shall spread his tabernacle over them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun strike upon them, nor any heat: for the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall be their shepherd, and shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life; and God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes.—*Rev. 7. 9-17.*

And I heard a voice from heaven saying, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; for their works follow with them.—*Rev. 14. 13.*

And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be night no more; and they need no light of lamp, neither light of sun; for the Lord God shall give them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.—*Rev. 22. 4.*

Immortality in the Ancient Writings

The soul being a bright fire, by the power of the Father remains immortal.

The soul of man will in a manner clasp God to herself.—*From a Translation of the Writings of Zoroaster.*

When the day shall come that will separate this composition, human and divine, I will leave this body here, where I found it, and return to the gods. Not that I am altogether absent from them even now, though detained from superior happiness by this heavy earthly clog.

This short stay in mortal life is but the prelude to a better and more lasting life above. . . . That day which men are apt to dread as their last is but the birthday of an eternity.—*From a Translation of the Writings of Seneca.*

The great, the wise, the valiant, the beautiful—alas! where are they now? They are all mingled with the clod; and that

which has befallen to them shall happen to us and to those that come after us. Yet, let us take courage. . . . Let us aspire to that heaven where all is eternal, and corruption cannot come. The horrors of the tomb are but the cradle of the Sun, and the dark shadows of death are brilliant lights for the stars.—*From a Translation of the Writings of the Indian Monarch, Nezahualcoyotl.*

Immortality in Modern Literature

THE POETS

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is.

O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself grow dim with age, and nature sink in years; but thou (my soul) shalt flourish in immortal youth, unhurt amid the war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.—*Joseph Addison.*

I go to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God send his hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet, or stifling snow
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In his good
time.

—*Robert Browning.*

It must be so! Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond
desire,
This longing after immortality?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an here-
after,
And intimates eternity to man.

—*Joseph Addison.*

We see but dimly through the mists and
vapors;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! what seems so is transi-
tion;

This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

Who hath not learned in hours of faith
This truth to flesh and sense unknown;
That life is ever lord of death,
And Love can never lose its own!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the bound-
less deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time
and Place

The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

There is a day of sunny rest,
For every dark and troubled night;
Grief may abide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with morning light.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

"Deem not that they are blest." Copyright by D. Appleton & Co.

I know this earth is not my sphere,
For I cannot so narrow me but that
I still exceed it.

—*Robert Browning.*

Take the joys and bear the sorrows—
neither with extreme concern!
Living here means nescience simply; 'tis
next life that helps to learn.
Shut those eyes next life will open—stop
those ears next life will teach
Hearing's office; close those lips next life
will give the power of speech!

Or, if action more amuse thee than the
 passive attitude,
 Bravely bustle through thy being, busy thee
 for ill or good,
 Reap this life's success or failure! Soon
 shall things be unperplexed,
 And the right or wrong, now tangled, lie
 unraveled in the next.

—*Robert Browning.*

For I must be immortal,
 Not doomed to die, but surely called to live
 Here and hereafter by His loving will
 Who placed me where I am.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

And I, with faltering footsteps, journey on,
 Watching the stars that roll the hours away,
 Till the faint light that guides me now is
 gone,
 And, like another life, the glorious day
 Shall open o'er me from the empyreal
 height,
 With warmth, and certainty, and bound-
 less light.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

This body is my house—it is not I;
 Herein I sojourn till, in some far sky,

I lease a fairer dwelling, built to last
Till all the carpentry of time is past,
When from my high place viewing this lone
star,

What shall I care where these poor timbers
are?

What though the crumbling walls turn dust
and loam—

I shall have left them for a larger home.

What though the rafters break, the
stanchions rot,

When earth has dwindled to a glimmering
spot!

When thou, clay cottage, fallest, I'll im-
merse

My long-cramped spirit in the universe.

Through uncomputed silences of space

I shall yearn upward to the leaning Face.

The ancient heavens will roll aside for me,

As Moses monarched the dividing sea.

This body is my house—it is not I.

Triumphant in this faith I live, and die.

—*Frederic Lawrence Knowles.*

"The Tenant." Copyright by Dana Estes & Co.

Admit immortal life,
And virtue is knight-errantry no more;
Each virtue brings in hand a golden dower

Far richer in reversion; Hope exults,
And, though much bitter in the cup is
 thrown,
Predominates and gives the taste of heaven.
Oh, wherefore is the Deity so kind?
Astonishing beyond astonishment!
Heaven our reward for heaven enjoyed
 below.

—*Edward Young.*

Our life is onward, and our very dust
Is longing for its change, that it may take
New combination—that the soul may break
From its dark thralldom, where it lies in
 trust
Of its great resurrection. Not the rust
Of cold inertness shall defeat the life
Of e'en the poorest which after strife
Shall spring from our dead ashes, and
 which must
Bless some else barren waste with its meek
 grace.
And germs of beautiful vast thought con-
 cealed,
Lie deep within the soul which evermore
Onward and upward strives. The last in
 place
Enfolds the higher yet to be revealed,

And each the sepulcher of that which went
before.

—*Elizabeth Oakes Smith.*

O happy world! O glorious place!

Where all who are forgiven
Shall find their loved and lost below,
And hearts, like meeting streams, shall flow
Forever one, in heaven.

—*Anon.*

Not by the dross of worlds we gauge the
mind;

Nor by material laws is it confined.
Though mighty are the orbs which roll in
space,
Mightier far the soul to run its race,
Transcending time, eliminating space,
In unseen things its destiny to trace.

Not for a moment, then, the mind confine—
It claims eternity as well as time.

Absolved from matter, there's no time or
space,

Nor past nor future in its mighty race.
An endless NOW—one bright eternal day—
When once the soul from earth shall pass
away.

—*Daniel Forbes Lockerby.*

The battle is ended; the hero goes
Worn and scarred to his last repose.
He has won the day: he has conquered
doom,
He has sunk unknown to his nameless
tomb.
For the victor's glory no voice may plead,
Fame has no echo and earth no meed;
But the guardian angels are hovering
near—
They have watched unseen o'er the conflict
here—
And they bear him now on their wings
away
To a realm of peace, to a cloudless day.
Ended now is earthly strife,
And his brow is crowned with the crown
of life.

—*Anne C. Lynch.*

Some day thou, too, shalt go,
Shalt pass beyond the gate,
Beyond the sunset's glow,
Beyond the ebb and flow
Of time and change and fate;
See what there is to see,
Know what there is to know,
Be what is thine to be.

Soul! Soul! Thou shalt be free
That day when thou shalt go!

—*Helen Hawthorne.*

“Thou Shalt Be Free,” in *Christian Register*, Boston, Mass.

Life! We've been so long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy
weather,
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time; say not “Good
night,”
But in some brighter clime bid me “Good
morning.”

—*Mrs. A. L. Barbauld.*

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's
oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping
sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the
strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman
pale,

To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone
before,

And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

—*Nancy A. W. Priest.*

What care I though falls the sky
And the shivering earth to a cinder turn?
No fires of doom can ever consume
What never was made nor meant to burn!

Let go the breath! There is no death
To a living soul, nor loss, nor harm,
Not of the clod is the life of God—
Let it mount as it will from form to form.

—*Charles Gordon Ames.*

I hold that, since by death alone
God bids my soul go free,
In death a richer blessing is
Than all the world to me.

—*Scheffler, translated by Frederic Rowland
Marvin.*

A human soul went forth into the night,
Shutting behind it Death's mysterious
door,

And shaking off, with strange resistless
 might
 The dust that once it wore.

So swift its flight, so suddenly it sped—
 As when by skillful hand a bow is bent
 The arrow flies—those watching round the
 bed
 Marked not the way it went.

Through the clear silence of the moonless
 dark,
 Leaving no footprint of the way it trod,
 Straight as an arrow cleaving to its mark,
 The soul went home to God.

“Alas!” they cried, “he never saw the morn,
 But fell asleep, outwearied with the
 strife”—

Nay, rather, he arose and met the dawn
 Of Everlasting Life.

—*Christian Burke.*

Forenoon and afternoon and night,—Fore-
 noon,
 And afternoon, and night,—Forenoon,
 and— what?
 The empty song repeats itself. No more?

Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon
sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is
won.

—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

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So live that when the mighty caravan,
Which halts one nighttime in the vale of
Death,
Shall strike its white tents for the morning
march,
Thou shalt mount onward to the eternal
Hills,
Thy foot unwearied, and thy strength
renewed
Like the strong eagle's for the upward
flight.

—*Anon.*

“Thine eyes shall see the King.” Soon,
soon the veil
That hides the glorious Throne shall be
withdrawn,
No cloud shall hang athwart the radiant
dawn
Of Heaven's glad morning. Yet no eye
shall fail for all the brightness,

Perfect light will bring a perfect vision,
Heavenly rapture fall on hearts attuned to
comprehend it all.

The songs will not seem strange that angels
sing ;

New, but not strange. The joy will be most
sweet,

Because most natural. To see Him there,
To know and love him, and his image bear
Will make it homelike. Though the golden
streets

Were more than golden, yet it still would be
The "Father's House" and nothing else to
thee.

—*Lucy A. Bennett.*

Why should I dread to pass the silent portal
That opens the pathway to the great be-
yond,

To tread the road proclaimed for every
mortal

When the freed spirit bursts its earthly
bond?

Do I not know that when this life has
ended,

And every shadow of its care has fled,

When all we love, with whom our souls
have blended

Have sunk to rest with "those whom we
call dead,"

That in that land, over the mystic river,
Absolved from error, and devoid of stain,
Blessed by the bounty of the mighty Giver,
A brighter life shall dawn for us again!

That there the bruised heart that well nigh
perished
Beneath its load of suffering and wrong,
Sustained by Faith, and by Affection cher-
ished,
Shall thrill the heavens with its grateful
song.

That there the stricken souls who vainly
waded
O'er Hope's dead sea, never to reach the
shore,
Shall find their trusting ones with love
unfaded,
No longer lost, but only gone before.

No longer, then, my doubt's absorbing power
Dim the fair radiance of the future's sky;

But let me wait in patience for the hour
 That kindly teaches me, " 'tis joy to die."
 —*J. H. Gray.*

So, thievish Time, I fear thee not;
 Thou'rt powerless on this heart of mine;
 My precious jewels are mine own,
 'Tis but the settings that are thine.
 —*Charles Mackay.*

Life never dies;
 Body dies off it, and it lives elsewhere.
 —*Bayard Taylor.*

Of man immortal! Hear the lofty style:
 "If so decreed, th' Almighty will be done.
 Let earth dissolve, yon ponderous orbs
 descend,
 And grind us into dust: the soul is safe;
 The man emerges; mounts above the wreck,
 As towering flame from Nature's funeral
 pyre:
 O'er devastation, as a gainer, smiles;
 His charter, his inviolable rights,
 Well pleased to learn from thunder's im-
 potence
 Death's pointless darts, and Hell's defeated
 storms."

—*Edward Young.*

But soon the doubt and toil and strife of
 earth shall all be done,
 And knowledge of our endless life be in
 a moment won.

—*Otway Curry.*

Is it not sweet to think, hereafter,
 When the spirit leaves this sphere,
 Love, with deathless wing, shall waft her
 To those she long hath mourned for here?
 Hearts from which 'twas death to sever,
 Eyes this world can ne'er restore,
 There, as warm, as bright as ever,
 Shall meet us and be lost no more.

.

Alas! alas! doth Hope deceive us?
 Shall friendship—love—shall all those
 ties
 That bind a moment, and then leave us,
 Be found again where nothing dies?
 Oh! if no other boon were given
 To our hearts from wrong and stain,
 Who would not try to win a heaven
 Where all we love shall live again?

—*Thomas Moore.*

RELIGIOUS WRITERS

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glow with thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with thee the perfect life
Of thine eternity.

—*Edwin Hatch.*

The tomb is but the gateway to an eternity of opportunity.

—*Anon.*

Thus nothing dies, or only dies to live.
Sun, star, stream, flower, the dewdrop,
and the gold;
Each goodly thing, instinct with buoyant
hope,
Hastes to put on its purer, finer mold.

Thus in the quiet joy of kindly trust,
We bid each parting saint a brief farewell;
Weeping, yet smiling, we commit their dust
To the safe-keeping of the silent cell.

Softly within that peaceful resting place
 We lay their wearied limbs, and bid the
 clay

Press lightly on them till the night be past,
 And the far east give warning of the
 coming day.

The day of reappearing! How it speeds!
 He who is true and faithful speaks the
 word.

Then shall we ever be with those we love.
 Then shall we be forever with the Lord.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

It is not death to die—
 To leave this weary road,
 And, mid the brotherhood on high,
 To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
 The eye long dimmed by tears,
 And wake in glorious repose
 To spend eternal years.

—*George W. Bethune.*

I go to life and not to death;
 From darkness to life's native sky;
 I go from sickness and from pain
 To health and immortality.

God lives! *Who* says that I must die?

I cannot while Jehovah liveth!

Christ lives! I cannot die, but live;

He life to me forever giveth.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

The heavenly home is bright and fair:

Nor death nor sighing visits there;

Its glittering towers the sun outshine;

That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

Then fail this earth, let stars decline,

And sun and moon refuse to shine;

All nature sink and cease to be,

That heavenly mansion stands for me.

—*William Hunter.*

Yes, we do but die to live;

It is from death we're flying;

Forever lives our life;

For us there is no dying.

We die but as the Spring-bud dies,

In Summer's golden glow to rise,

These be our days of April bloom;

Our Summer is beyond the tomb.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

Are you faint with hope delayed?

Life is long!

Tarries that for which you prayed?

Life is long!

What delights may not abide—

What ambitions satisfied—

What possessions may not be

In God's great eternity?

Lift the heart! Be glad and strong!

Life is long!

—*Amos R. Wells.*

"The Length of Life." Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

It was the fancy of the ancients to speak of the "sleep of death"; but for the Christian, life is the sleep from which death awakens him. "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting."

In death the spirit opens its eyes, recalled from a troubled dream to the realities of life which have all the time surrounded it unseen, and to the Father, who has been all the time "not far from any one of us."
—*F. W. Henry.*

Through the Darkness. Copyright, 1884, by E. P. Dutton & Co.

But little is said in the New Testament about death. We have very clear and definite assertions of the fact of immortality, but mere hints only of the form of the life into which the earthly life emerges, through

dying. Two of the most vivid of the expressions used by St. Paul in speaking of what occurs in dying are in the phrases "absent from the body" and "at home with the Lord." In dying we leave the body, which has been "the earthly house of our tabernacle" during our stay. The old house is empty—the tenant has gone out of it. But we are not homeless now, because of our eviction from the earthly house; we are "at home with the Lord." That is, we have a far more glorious dwelling place than the one we were in before. "We know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens." Instead of a tent, which is frail and temporary, liable to decay and dissolution, our new habitation is a building from God, not made with hands, eternal. Instead of an earthly house, our new home is in the heavens. Instead of a place of pain and suffering in which we groan, being burdened, when we leave it we shall find ourselves at once at home with Christ. There is no time for wandering, unclothed, as disembodied spirits, seeking for a new habitation in which to dwell, but the mo-

ment we are absent from the body we shall find ourselves at home in heaven. Our new habitation will be a home, with all the blessed meaning of that word; it will be eternal; it will be with Christ.—*J. R. Miller.*

The Book of Comfort. Copyright by Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Fly, envious Time, till thou run out thy
race,
For when as each bad thing thou hast
entomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consumed,
Then long eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When everything that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth and Peace and Love shall ever
shine
About the supreme throne
Of Him to whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heavenly guided soul shall
climb,
Then, all this earthly grossness quit,
Attired with stars we shall forever sit
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and
thee, O Time.

—*Anon.*

The strife is o'er, the battle done ;
The victory of life is won ;
The song of triumph has begun.

—*Francis Pott.*

Paul, as a Christian, knew that we should not be “unclothed but clothed upon.” What we have to look forward to is not a process of subtraction but of addition. All that this body has been meaning to me in this world—of sense and growing knowledge and power and manifested identity—all that and more my Christian faith promises me in the world beyond. For even if this mortal body should wear out and be dissolved, my faith promises me something which it is fair to call, as the apostle calls it, “a spiritual body.” My Lord’s own victory over the grave has given this assurance to all his people that there is for them in the spiritual life beyond, something that shall mean to them all of advantage that this natural body has ever meant to us in the life here on earth; that death shall not condemn us to the shivering nakedness of pagan despair, that we shall not be unclothed but clothed, that mortality may be swallowed up of life.

At the same time I am well assured that all the rich and novel experiences of that unknown future shall never rob me of this personal identity to which I cling so fondly now for myself and for my friends; for the very principle of this identity which all through my life has been ordering all these changing particles of matter into one body for me has been nothing but the breath of life in me, my own living self. And I myself, blessed be God, am going to live on. It is a mystery, as all life is . . . But the mystery grows radiant through our Lord's great triumph over corruption and death. . . . As Christians we believe in that everlasting life. All one life it is, a life which the accidents of time can never interrupt, and over which death has no power.—*W. R. Richards, in the Bible Study Quarterly.*

To think for aye! to breathe immortal
 breath,
 And know nor hope, nor fear, of ending
 death;
 To see the myriad worlds that round us roll
 Wax old and perish, while the steadfast
 soul

Stands fresh and moveless in her sphere of
thought;

O God omnipotent! who in me wrought
This conscious world, whose ever-growing
orb,

When the dead Past shall all in time absorb,
Will be as but begun,—oh, of thine own
Give of the holy light that veils thy throne,
That darkness be not mine, to take my place
Beyond the reach of light, a blot in space!
So may this wondrous life, from sin made
free,

Reflect thy love for aye, and to thy glory be!
—*Washington Allston.*

What though with weariness oppressed?
'Tis but a little and we rest.

This throbbing heart and burning brain
Will soon be calm and cool again.

Night is far spent and morn is near,—
Morn of the cloudless and the clear!

We grudge not, then, the toil, the way:
Its ending is the endless day!

We shrink not from these tempests keen,
With little of the calm between;

We welcome each descending sun,—
Ere morn, our joy may be begun!

—*Horatius Bonar.*

So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

—*James Montgomery.*

I have learned
This doctrine from the vanishing of youth.
The pictured primer, true, is thrown aside;
But its first lesson liveth in my heart.
I shall go on through all eternity.
Thank God, I am only an embryo still;
The small beginning of a glorious soul,
An atom that shall fill immensity.

—*A. C. Cox.*

My soul shall see the eternal day,
And dwell with God forever!

—*Thomas Dale.*

I think of death as some delightful journey
That I shall take when all my tasks are
done;

Though life has given me a heaping
measure
Of all best gifts, and many a cup of
pleasure,
Still better things await me farther on.

This little earth is such a pleasant planet,
The distances beyond it so supreme,
I have no doubt that all the mighty spaces
Between us and the stars are filled with
faces
More beautiful than any artist's dream.

I like to think that I shall yet behold them,
When from this waiting room my soul
has soared.

Earth is a wayside station, where we
wander

Until from out the silent darkness yonder,
Death swings his lantern, and cries, "All
aboard!"

I think Death's train sweeps through the
solar system

And passes suns and moons that dwarf
our own,
And close beside us we shall find our
dearest,

The spirit friends on earth we held the
 nearest,
 And in the shining distance God's great
 throne.

Whatever disappointment may befall me
 In plans or pleasures in this world of
 doubt,
 I know that life at worst can but delay me,
 But no malicious fate has power to stay me
 From that grand journey on the Great
 Death route.

—*Theo. F. Van Wagener.*

NOVELISTS AND ESSAYISTS

Victor Hugo's great soul found utterance
 in his later years for these great thoughts:

"I feel in myself the future life. I am
 like a forest once cut down; the new shoots
 are stronger and livelier than ever. I am
 rising, I know, toward the sky. The sun-
 shine is on my head. The earth gives me
 its generous sap, but heaven lights me with
 the reflection of unknown worlds. You
 say the soul is nothing but the resultant of
 the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul
 more luminous when my bodily powers be-

gin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the world which invites me. It is marvelous yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song; I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, 'I have finished my day's work.' But I cannot say 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn."

For those who know that God is Father and Friend, who know that all things work for ultimate good in his large plan; who know that while he cares for the universe, he cares for every sparrow, and numbers every hair of our head—they can tran-

quilly and gratefully give up to him their dear ones, and with tears in their eyes, and yet with joy in their heart, bless him for the great convictions of immortality he has given us. We know that these dear friends of ours have passed on before us, happy, holy angels, into the society of angels, into a higher world of light and love and duty.

We are told that love abides; and if love abides, the objects of love must also abide. The continuance of our human love is one of the best evidences, not only of immortality, but also that we are to know our friends again, and be with them again in the other life. Else why this undying memory of our loved ones, this aching void never filled?

If therefore we shall not remember our friends hereafter, I think we should not remember anything, and if we did not remember anything, it would be no immortality of the soul, no continuance of the same personal life. What is immortality, if love is not immortal?

So Tennyson, mourning his lost friend, shows us in all his tender strains of lamentation that he has him still, because he loves him so truly and so entirely:

“Known and unknown; human, divine;
Sweet human hand and lips and eye;
Dear heavenly friend that *canst not die*,
Mine, mine, forever, ever mine.”

—*James Freeman Clarke.*

Oh, listen, man!

A voice within us speaks the startling word,
Man, thou shalt never die! Celestial voices
Hymn it round our souls; according harps,
By angel fingers touched when the wild
stars

Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality;
The dying hear it, and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing
souls

To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

—*Richard H. Dana.*

It cannot be that the earth is man's only
abiding place.

It cannot be that our life is a mere bubble
cast up by eternity to float a moment on
its waves and then sink into nothingness.

Else why is it that the glorious aspira-
tions which leap like angels from the temple

of our hearts are forever wandering unsatisfied?

Why is it that all the stars that hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory?

And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty presented to our view are taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber in the ocean; and where the beautiful beings which now pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.—*George D. Prentice.*

There is no death! The stars go down,
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! An angel form
Waïks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away;
And we then call them "dead."

But ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

—*J. L. McCreary.*

The instinct, which prompts the birds at the coming of winter to spread their wings for a warmer climate, makes it certain that the feathered songsters shall not go south, and shall not come north in the spring, to be disappointed; the instinct is safe and unerring.

Shall God be kinder to the birds than to human beings? He cares much more for us than for the fowls of the air. If he has something to answer to the migratory instincts of the birds, we may be sure that our expectation of a better country, of a fair summerland, shall not meet with disappointment. The spirit that rises in Christian faith from the ashes of human mortality, and soars away toward the sky, is going to find the blessedness anticipated. This should be our assurance, as we listen to the singing of birds, to the voice of the turtledove, to the joyous notes of bluebird and robin, and the various songsters of the

spring. . . . The soul divinely guided, returns to God whence it came. Let it but follow the directions of the still small voice heard within, and it will never falter or stop in its flight upward till it rests in the bosom of God, till it finds its nest beyond the stars, in that "home of the soul."

Beings with the migratory instinct for heaven are not going to be put to shame at the last. . . . Man's grand ideals are overtures of immortality, because they require and demand immortality for their realization. . . . Aspirations are liens upon immortal life, and they are stepping stones that slope through the darkness up to God. The planting of a desire indicates that the gratification of that desire is in the constitution of the creature that feels it. It is there structurally. The Creator keeps his word with everything and everybody.

—*Andrew W. Archibald.*

The Easter Hope, by A. W. Archibald. Copyright by Salem D. Towne, Boston Mass.

I thank thee, Father, that at this simple grave on which the dawn is breaking, emblem of that day which hath no close, thou kindly unto my dark mind hath sent a sacred light, and that away from this green

hillock, whither I had come in sorrow,
thou art leading me in joy.—*Richard Henry
Dana.*

The truest end of life is to know the life
that never ends.—*William Penn.*

Haste not—rest not. Calm in strife
Meekly bear the storms of life;
Duty be thy polar guide;
Do the right, whate'er betide;
Haste not—rest not. Conflicts past
God shall crown thy work at last.

—*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.*

Will my tiny speck of being wholly vanish
in your deeps and lights?
Must my day be dark by reason, O ye
heavens, of our boundless nights,
Rush of suns, and roll of systems, and your
fiery clash of meteorites?

Spirit, nearing yon dark portal at the limit
of my human state,
Fear not, thou, the hidden purpose of that
Power which alone is great,
Nor the myriad world, his shadow, nor the
silent Opener of the Gate.

—*Anon.*

Eternity, which cannot be far off, is my one strong city. I look into it fixedly now and then. All terms about it seem to me superfluous. The universe is full of love and of inexorable sternness and veracity; and it remains forever true that God reigns. Patience, silence, hope.—*Carlyle*.

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning
 breaketh,
 When the bird waketh, and the shadows
 flee;
 Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,
 Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am
 with thee!

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
 When the soul waketh, and life's shadows
 flee;
 O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawn-
 ing,
 Shall rise the glorious thought—I am
 with thee!

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe*.

I do not believe in a long, dreary sleep, nor in a "happy land far, far away." I believe that death is itself a resurrection.

Death is the dropping away of the body from the spirit; resurrection is the upspringing of the spirit from the body. The two are identical. Death is as we see it here; resurrection is as they see it on the other side of the thin veil which separates two worlds. And while I frankly admit to myself and to others that I do not know with clearly defined and scientific knowledge respecting that other world, I believe that I have a right to accept the interpretations of it given by the New Testament, confirming my own hopes and desires, and to believe that the friends who have gone are the great cloud of witnesses to which the apostle refers, and that they look on and see how we run our race, fight our battles, bear our burdens here, and I have wished so to live and so to carry myself in my own sorrow as not to minister any element of sorrow to her whom I still regard as my comrade. I think I can truly say that I am never less lonely than at times when I am alone and when the choir invisible no longer seems invisible, when it seems to me as though I have only to push open the door and enter into the other room where they are, unseen by me but not un-

able to see and minister to me.—*From a Personal Letter of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott to the compiler.*

NOTE.—Dr. Abbott's wife died in Germany six years before.

Man looks for an hour of liberation which shall repeal the flesh and cancel the clod. He has a notion that earth's roof is heaven's floor, and expects to break jail by way of the skylight. His understanding is that when discharged and manumitted here he is requisitioned elsewhere.

Renan said in his last days, "The inward worth of a man is measured by his religious tendencies." These are gravitations to draw him home. . . . It is humanity being drawn home by the hovering heaven. Hid somewhere underfoot in the heart of this rock-crusted globe is the seat of the power called gravitation which holds man's body down. Anchored in the hidden heart of God above is the attraction which controls the spirit and commands and orders home a liberated humanity when it slips the leash of matter and goes free.

What better can we say than that life here is incubation, and death is the final launching away off this narrow ledge of

Time? When liberation and levitation come, it will not seem strange to be afloat on the bosom of eternity, but as natural as nature's self. We were made for that life as surely as for this, and folded within us are the faculties that fit us for it. The young eagle, pushed out of the nest and off the cliff's edge, is buoyed by wings sufficient though before untried. Some "full-grown power informs her from the first," and she sweeps easily away through superior spaces vast and unexplored. . . . She is as much at home there, afloat in and supported on the unseen, as ever she was on the crag. She knows neither strangeness, nor danger, nor fear. She is meant for the airy heavens *when* her time comes, as certainly as for the cliff *until* her time comes. Nor could you coax her back to be content with the nest of sticks and the narrow ledge whence she launched away into her legitimate large, natural liberty. Likewise the soul is secretly, unconsciously equipped to survive and subsist hereafter as naturally and as easily as here. True for all realms and worlds are the lines:

"Go where he will, the good man is at home ;

Where the good Spirit leads him, there's
 his road,
 By God's own light illumined and fore-
 showed."

August with lofty dignity are the antique words of Sir Thomas Browne, the Norwich physician: "Those that look merely upon my outside, perusing only my condition and fortunes, do err as to my altitude, for I am above Atlas' shoulders. The mass of flesh that circumscribes me limits not my mind. You cannot measure me, for I take my circle to be above 360 degrees. There is surely a piece of divinity in us. . . . Nature tells me I am the image of God; he that understands not this much hath not learned his first lesson and is yet to begin the alphabet of man." . . .

Geometry cannot measure Man; his circle exceeds 360 degrees. Astronomy cannot calculate his orbit; it knows not the equation of his path. A Pilgrim of the Infinite is he; and the old hymn, familiar to our childhood, sings on in our souls:

"Thus onward we move, and, save God
 above,

None guesseth how wondrous the journey will prove."

—*William Valentine Kelley.*

Let us trust the divine laws of God, which work on forever, creating evermore new growth, tending to develop higher forms, nobler activities, more sweet and joyful lives. Through death we go into higher life.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THEOLOGIAN AND PREACHERS

What, then, is this truth which we believe? *The dead live.*

In the years gone we had them with us. They separated from the throng and gave us their love. They grew into our being and became a part of us. One day they became weary and sick. We thought nothing of it at first; but morning after morning came and they were more faint. The story of the dark days that followed is too sad. One dreary night with radiant face they kissed us and said good-by. They were dead. Kind neighbors came in and carried them out of our home and we fol-

lowed with dumb awe and saw them lay them down gently beneath the earth. We returned to the vacant house which never could be home any more. Our hearts were broken. The earth and sky have been so dark since that day. We have searched through the long nights and desolate days for them; they do not come back. We listen, but we get no tidings. Neither form nor voice comes to us. The dark, silent immensity has swallowed them up. Are they extinct? No. They live. We cannot tell where, whether near us or remote; we cannot tell in what form, but they live. They are essentially the same beings they were when they went in and out among us. There has been no break in their life. It is as if they had crossed the sea. The old memories and old loves still are with them. New friends do not displace old ones. They are more beautiful than when we knew them, and purer and holier and happier. They are not sick or weary now and are free from all pain. They have no sorrow. They are not alone. They have joined others. They think and talk of us. They make affectionate inquiry for our welfare. They wait for us. They are learning great

lessons which they mean to recite to us some day. They are not lonely; they are a glorious company. They have no envies or jealousies. They are ravished with the happiness of their new life. They are kings and priests unto God. They wear crowns that flash in the everlasting light. They wear robes that are spotless white. They wave victorious palms. They sing anthems of such exceeding sweetness as no earthly choirs ever approach. They stand before the throne. They fly on ministries of love. They are rapturous with ecstasies of love. God wipes away all tears from their eyes; and there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, nor any more pain; for the former things are passed away. The glorious angels are their teachers and companions. . . . The discussion of this doctrine teaches us the greatness of the future and urges its paramount claims. How can we be charmed any more with the earth? How can we resist the attraction of the blessed heaven? This time—a day, a moment—what has it for us that we should cling to it, love it? The immortal home, the blessed ones awaiting us, the spirits of just men made perfect, the endless good in store,

will they not draw us with irresistible attraction?

These views clothe our friendships with a new charm, and enrich them with an eternal value. Blessed loves! how happy they have made us on earth; what will they be when they have deepened through ages, with no alloy of envy or suspicion or selfishness, or sorrow!

Who as he stands here and looks into that blessed state feels not within him the yearning to depart?

Multitudes stand waiting to receive us, expecting our arrival. With open arms they will embrace us, and with blessed welcomes attend us to our prepared homes.

Let us not disappoint them; but be up and pressing on until the battle of life is fought and we ascend to join them.—
Bishop Randolph S. Foster.

Listen, then, for through the ages comes a voice saying, "I am the resurrection." It does not falter or waver, but is clear and strong. If that voice is true you may even rejoice at separation, for the doors of another home are swinging wide open, and

dear ones long since departed, stand at the threshold to welcome the new comer.—

George H. Hepworth.

Herald Sermons, vol. I. Copyright, 1897, by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Amid the drudgery and hardship of life keep that truth in mind and it will clear the fogs away and leave you in sunshine. We are on the road home, and the way is sometimes dark and dreary, but when we get there we shall see that every experience of earth was intended to fit us for the higher joys of heaven.

—*George H. Hepworth.*

Herald Sermons, vol. II. Copyright, 1897, by E. P. Dutton & Co.

I am immortal! I should never forget it, but should carry myself as one who cherishes that truth. No matter what my conditions in life may be, whether I be poor or rich, learned or unlettered, well or ill, struggling or at leisure, I am immortal. I shall outlive my body and my sorrows, my tears and my sighs, all hardships and heart-breakings, for God—my God—will help me through it all, and his Christ has prepared

a place for me where I shall dwell at peace and be at rest. . . .

—*George H. Hepworth.*

We Shall Live Again. Copyright, 1903, by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Let the current bear us where it will, we are in God's hands, and the current is subject to his instruction. Other worlds await us. Larger opportunities are in the near future. The soul, now hampered by circumstances, shall some time be free; the burden of environment shall be dropped, and when we are emancipated we shall be larger, nobler, and more like the Christ. What care we then for time? The years may come and go as they please and their speed does not disturb us. We are on the road to our eternal home and the nearer we get to it the higher are our anticipations, the deeper are our longings. Earth is nothing when heaven is in sight. . . . —*George H. Hepworth.*

Making the Most of Life. Copyright, 1904, by E. P. Dutton & Co.

As for me the other life is a clear and distinct fact. I have more faith in it than I have in this life, and, thus believing, I must, of course, regard it as altogether preferable to this life. If either the present or

the future is a dream, then, I am sure that I am dreaming now and that the grand reality is to come. To feel that there is a fire in me which is simply smoldering during my earthly years because of my bodily limitations, but which will break into an unrestrained blaze when death, the great hypnotist, shall put my physical system to sleep—that feeling forces me to look forward with high anticipation. I may be amazed as I contemplate this truth, but my amazement gives place to plans which outreach the narrow boundaries of time. The soul pulses with pride at the thought of its greatness and its destiny, and must live in accordance with them.

—*George H. Hepworth.*

Making the Most of Life. Copyright, 1904, by E. P. Dutton & Co.

It is not always easy to realize that our souls do not perish with our bodies, but surely no such cold doubts need assail the Christian's heart, nor chill his faith, as he thinks of those who sleep in Jesus, for reason asserts, and Scripture affirms its assertion, that *we shall see them again*, that we shall know them, and it will add to the joys of heaven even, that in the full com-

munion of love we can cast our crowns at our Saviour's feet. The river of forgetfulness did indeed flow through the heaven of ancient heathenism, but let us thank God that it does not water the Christian's Paradise.—*S. O. Scymour.*

Through the Darkness. Copyright, 1884, by E. P. Dutton & Co.

I think that the two things above all others that have made men in all ages believe in immortality, apart, so far as we know, from any revelation save that which is written in the human heart, have been the broken lives and the broken friendships of the world.

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And yet, what terrible misgivings! Perhaps there is no more! Perhaps it is all over! Until, to the soul standing with all its questionings before the door of the tomb, He who liveth and was dead came as he came to Martha, and holding out the key of death, said the great final conclusive words, "Thy brother shall rise again."

Men's souls leaped to that word because they wanted to believe it and had not dared wholly to believe it till he showed them that it was true. And now if we believe

in him, we do believe it, and death is really changed to us, and the dead are really living by the assurance of the living Christ. . . . A living Christ, dear friends! the old, ever-new, ever-blessed Easter truth! He liveth; he was dead; he is alive for evermore. Do you believe it? What are you dreary for, O mourner? What are you hesitating for, O Worker? What are you fearing death for, O man?

Oh, if we could only lift up our heads and live with him; live new lives, high lives, lives of love and hope and holiness, to which death should be nothing but the breaking away of the last cloud, and the letting of the life out to its completion.—*Phillips Brooks.*

The Purpose and Use of Comfort. Copyright, 1906, by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Immortality is the leverage of righteousness, the power by which humanity is raised out of habits and vices worse than animal; it is the vast support of the spirit against the flesh, the infinite ally of love against brutality, the necessary and mighty postulate of the true life of mankind.

.
The bedrock of the universe is the faith-

fulness of God, the integrity of our Maker, and at our being's height we can do no other and no better than ground our trust upon the immutable promise confirmed by the oath of him that cannot lie, and thus rest our hope of the life after death upon the truth of Christ and the honor of God.

—*George A. Gordon.*

The Witness to Immortality. Copyright by Houghton Mifflin Company.

Shortly before his death, the Rev. Robert J. Burdette wrote a personal letter to the editor of an Eastern Baptist paper, in which he said:

“I watch the sunset as I look out over the rim of the blue Pacific, and there is no mystery beyond the horizon line, because I know what there is over there. I have been there. I have journeyed in those lands. Over there where the sun is just sinking is Japan. That star is rising over China. In that direction lie the Philippines. I know all that. Well, there is another land that I look toward as I watch the sunset. I have never seen it. I have never seen any one who has been there, but it has a more abiding reality than any of these lands which I do know. This land beyond the sunset—

this land of immortality, this fair and blessed country of the soul—why, this heaven of ours is the one thing in the world which I know with absolute, unshaken, unchangeable certainty. This I know with a knowledge that is never shadowed by a passing cloud of doubt. I may not always be certain about this world; my geographical locations may sometimes become confused, but the other world—that I know. And as the afternoon sun sinks lower, faith shines more clearly and hope, lifting her voice in a higher key, sings the songs of fruition. My work is about ended, I think. The best of it I have done poorly; any of it I might have done better, but I have done it. And in a fairer land, with finer material and a better working light, I will do better work.”

Flowers! speak to me this morning the same dear old lesson of immortality which you have been speaking to so many sorrowing souls.

Wise old book! let me read again in your pages that to die is gain. Poets! recite to me your verses which repeat in every line the gospel of eternal life. Singers! break

forth once more into songs of joy, let me hear again the well-known resurrection psalm. Tree and blossom and bird and sea and sky and wind, whisper it, sound it afresh, warble it, echo it, let it throb and pulsate through every atom and particle; let the air be filled with it; let it be beaten into our brains, there to be told and retold and still retold until hope rises to conviction, and conviction unto certitude of knowledge, until we, like Paul, even though going to our death, go with triumphal mien, with assured faith, with serene and shining face, able to say, I know in whom I have believed, for the which cause I suffer death, and I am persuaded that He is able to keep my soul which I have committed unto him even unto the end.—*Thomas Van Ness.*

Reasons for Faith in Immortality. Copyright by American Unitarian Association.
Boston, Mass.

I say to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street—

That he and we and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadows, vain,
That death itself shall not remain;

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led;

Yet if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day.

—*Richard Chenevix Trench.*

Why be afraid of Death as though your
life were breath!
Death but anoints your eyes with clay, O
glad surprise!

Why should you be forlorn? Death only
husks the corn,
Why should you fear to meet the thresher
of the wheat?

Is sleep a thing to dread? Yet sleeping you
are dead?
Till you awake and rise, here, or beyond
the skies.

Why should it be a wrench to leave your
wooden bench,

Why not with happy shout run home when
school is out.

The dear ones left behind! O foolish one
and blind,

A day—and you will meet; a night—and
you will greet!

This is the death of Death, to breathe away
a breath

And know the end of strife, and taste the
deathless life,

And joy without a fear, and smile without
a tear,

And work, nor care nor rest, and find the
last the best.

—*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

Thoughts for Every Day Living. Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons
New York.

Without this larger faith in the future we
would be without defense and without com-
fort in the face of the worst desolations of
the heart. No earthly consolation can reach
the root of the deepest sorrows of life.

Without eternity there would be some wounds that could never be stanchèd, and some griefs that must be incurable.

There can be no healing of the grave's most poignant sting without immortal faith. Our heart need not be troubled or afraid if we believe in the God whom Jesus revealed. We can leave ourselves and all our love to him.

In the power of endless life, all burdens are lightened.

The sunshine of eternity illumines the mansions of time.—*Hugh Black.*

From *Comfort*, by Hugh Black. Copyright, 1910, by Fleming H. Revell Company.

If a man dies, shall he live again? After long mental conflict and distress over the teachings of the scientists, at last our sun has cleared itself of clouds, and we hold a faith in the future that is as firm as the stars and as bright and sure. When we read in Sir Walter Scott's journal the words, "Last night I slept soundly, and in the morning" (after which the pen fell from his hand forever), we believe that the morning eternal dawned and that his pen resumed its task. For ours is a reasonable

and moral universe. If the heroes and martyrs have never lived again, then the sun shoots off rays of blackness and icicles. Socrates was true to his convictions, and wore threadbare garments and ate crusts. And with a prayer to God upon his lips was put to death, while his judges went home to drink wine and sleep on beds of down. Where is Socrates? Has he met the Homer and Hesiod, and the two philosophers whom he called his teachers and heroes? Has he been rewarded of God for his deeper convictions and finer feelings? Lost? No! A thousand times no! We do not charge God with folly! Abraham Lincoln has seen of the travail of his soul and been satisfied. Tennyson, who felt that he had just begun to master the beginnings of his craft, and the rude beginnings of the beautiful, has found the beauty that is perfect, and that ravishes the soul with loveliness that is divine. Paul has found that dying is gain. The broken-hearted mother has found her sweet babe and received it again from the arms of the angel that did always behold the face of its Father which art in heaven. Therefore, look upward, beyond the clouds shines the eternal sun.

Because God lives, you who are made in his image shall live also.

Forget your fears and anxieties. The sons and daughters of immortality should not go through life dull-eyed, despondent, and discrowned. This life, incomplete here, shall be completed there. Through adversity and fire, mist and hail, we slowly prove our souls. Having begun to live it is but a little thing that God should continue the soul that has begun its long career. Gone those that are dearest and best, and time can neither allay our sorrow nor cure our grief. The loneliness must continue while the separation continues. But if they come not back to us, we go to them. . . . Therefore put away all dark garments worn of selfishness, passion, and sin! Array yourselves in garments of hope and faith, with a girdle of love. And in that hour when the soul rises through the pathless air and goes winging its way to the Court of Love, who shall describe the joy of those who cast their crowns before Him who hath brought immortality to light! While, with one accord, all exclaim, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be all the praise of our salvation." For in God, in Christ, in

holiness and in love, the soul shall ever live and move and have its eternal being.—
Newell Dwight Hillis.

Sermon on Immortality, in Brooklyn Eagle.

PERIODICAL PRESS

The question is sometimes asked, "Does death end all?" Death ends nothing; it is simply a change. There are no dead in the sense in which the phrase is commonly used; there are only the living in the vast mystery of life which unfolds us all, on the fathomless stream of life which bears us all forward. We are here for a little time, as we are often in inns where we make friends who are dear to us, and then we leave them and go on to another stage in our journey; we miss them and they miss us, and neither their places nor ours are ever taken by others. But we see new landscapes and pass through new experiences into a larger world, and they presently follow us. We are separated and are often lonely, but we look forward joyfully to new sights and sounds, and to the hour when, farther on in the journey, we shall look into their eyes and hear their voices.

To think of life as one and indivisible,

of immortality as our possession, here and now, of death as normal change in an eternal process of growth, of those whom we call dead as more intensely alive than when we saw them, is to transform the experience which has overshadowed the world for centuries as the end of happiness into a larger freedom and joy, and to make immortality not a vague expectation but a glorious opening of the doors and windows of the house of life. "While we poor wayfarers still toil with hot and bleeding feet, along the highway and the dust of life," writes Dr. Martineau, "our companions have but mounted the divergent path, to explore the more sacred streams, and visit the divine vales, and wander amid the everlasting Alps of God's upper provinces of creation. And so we keep up the courage of our hearts, and refresh ourselves with the memories of love, and travel forward in the ways of duty, with less weary step, feeling ever for the hand of God, and listening for the domestic voices of the immortals whose happy welcome awaits us. Death, in short, under the Christian aspect, is but God's method of colonization; the transition from this mother country of our race to the

fairer and newer world of our emigration.
—*The Outlook.*

What glories await the spirit set free
From fetters of earth, untrammelled to be!
The work begun here is continued above,
And all that blest life is service and love.

—*Parish Visitor.*

The testimony of literature to the hope of immortality is valuable because it represents the judgment and the instincts of the men and women of the highest ranks of genius.

The human soul has always been the chief subject of study for literary genius. Inventive, scientific, political, and military genius takes little thought of the higher life of man. Indeed, the effect of the things which occupy men of genius of these classes is often to divert their thought from the consideration of the soul. But literary genius has for its most constant theme, in varying form, the human soul. It means much, therefore, when with practical unanimity these great students of the spirit affirm their belief in its immortality. One of the marked characteristics of the literary

masters is their recognition of the spiritual meanings of life. Their genius is that of the seer. Poets, dramatists, and novelists are always seers of visions. For them the unseen is always the background of the seen. For them hidden light is always shining out of things. Behind the visible they forever hear the footfalls of the invisible creation, and the reality of things lies beneath the appearance of things. To them life and nature are always waiting for an interpreter through whom their secret significance may be made known. This mystic element, as seen by the eyes of literary genius, is the thing of deepest interest in human life.

When literature, therefore, takes up the question of immortality, it has practically but one answer. Man must be immortal, or there is no meaning in life, and the whole course of history is moving to a hopeless and remediless tragedy. Man must be immortal, or a magnificent harmony is destined to end in clashing discord. Man must be immortal, or what inspired souls have taken to be beacon lights on the hills of the future are the flames of funeral pyres, and God has put the song of hope in the uni-

versal human heart only to smother it at last in dust and ashes.—*Sunday School Journal*.

MISCELLANEOUS

O, blessed thought! we shall not always so
In darkness and in sadness walk alone;
There comes a glorious day when we shall
know
As we are known.

To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord. The word translated "to be present" really means to be among one's people: surrounded by familiar scenes and faces; in a word, to *be at home*; and is there not something very beautiful in this divine assurance, that the spirit as it goes forth from the body does not feel the sun-dering of the ties which bind us to the earth, nor is it oppressed with the strangeness of the transition, nor bewildered by the immensity of its abode? Its exit will be a *going home*: some place there is which is the Home of Christ's redeemed ones: where they shall be welcomed to his Presence, and have friendly hands outstretched to greet them and loved faces to surround them,

and blissful occupations to engage them. Heaven is the home of the spirit, and death instead of unhousing it, or turning it adrift like an ejected tenant from its present dwelling, opens for it the door of its true home, and ushers it into its heavenly intimacies and companionships.

All around, man's acres lie,
Under the same brooding sky.
There, the plowman blithely sings;
Broadcast, there the sower flings
Golden grain, to die in gloom,
Making every clod its tomb.
Lo! a miracle is seen—
Acres clothed in living green.

In their midst God's acre lies,
Under these same yearning skies.
Here, men move with dirges slow;
Here, their tears unbidden flow;
Loved forms, here, in earth they lay;
Leave to darkness and decay.
Autumns wane, and springs return;
Still they sleep 'neath shaft and urn.

Side by side, those acres lie,
Under this expectant sky.

What? On God's lies death's dark spell,
 While in man's comes miracle?
 No! for love's eyes pierce the gloom!
 No! for Christ hath burst the tomb!
 God will give by power unknown,
 Each a body of its own.

—*Anon.*

Hail, glorious dawn!
 Bright, beauteous morn!
 When I shall wake from death's embrace,
 And see my Saviour face to face,
 My life revived,
 The great white throne beside,
 "I shall be satisfied."

O joy complete!
 Loved ones to greet,
 And to my bosom as of yore,
 Press close—to part again no more.
 With Him I'll then abide
 Close to his loving side,
 Forever satisfied.

—*Anon.*

The stars shine over the earth,
 The stars shine over the sea;

The stars look up to the mighty God,
The stars look down on me.

The stars have lived for a million years,
A million years and a day;
But God and I shall love and live
When the stars have passed away.

—*Anon.*

L'Envoi

Heaven overarches earth and sea,
Earth-sadness and sea-bitterness.
Heaven overarches you and me:
A little while and we shall be—
Please God—where there is no more sea
Nor barren wilderness.

Heaven overarches you and me,
And all earth's gardens and her graves.
Look up with me, until we see
The day break and the shadows flee.
What though to-night wrecks you and me
If so to-morrow saves?

—*C. G. Rossetti.*

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